

See our Spring Stock

Our store is crowded with new goods of the latest styles. Dress Patterns and Dress Goods of all kinds. Ladies' Skirts and Shirt Waists, Silks, Laces and Embroideries. Stacks of Wash Goods.

LACE CURTAINS

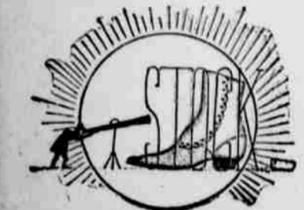
We have a handsome line. See them before buying elsewhere. We also have a few curtain stretchers left. Call soon if you want to get a pair.

BING & CO.

Jefferson Supply Co.
STORE
Is Headquarters for
Dry Goods, Notions, Hats and
Caps, Boots and Shoes.

Clothing Department we have great bargains. We invite you to come in and examine our line. It is no trouble to show goods.

Our Furniture and Carpet
Department is complete and prices that cannot be beat.
Largest and Finest Selected Stock of Fresh Groceries in town.
Jefferson Supply Co.,
Pleasant Avenue, Reynoldsville, Penn'a.



HAVE YOU LOOKED
through our stock of footwear? It merits your careful inspection. Feet were never called upon to punish themselves. Wearing bad shoes is wholly unnecessary. It's like going on a long pleasure trip
TO
wear a pair of our fine Summer shoes which afford every possible element of **COMFORT.**
These scarcely anything more painful than a corn, and most corns are caused by bad shoes. Coming to us for footwear means perfect fits, long wear, moderate prices, and practical economy.
J. K. JOHNSTON,
The Shoe Man.

A. D. Deemer & Co.,
Dealers in
DRY GOODS,
Notions,
Clothing, Gents'
Furnishing
Goods,
Shoes, &c.



Looking at Good Furniture
is a pleasure to all who are interested in beautiful homes. That is why we cordially invite our friends to come and enjoy our offerings.
We will be pleased to have you buy, but will not press you to do so. We cannot promise, however, that the beauty, richness and quality of these pieces of furniture will not urge you to buy. They appeal strongly to all lovers of artistic furnishings.
Undertaking, a Specialty.
Hughes & Schuckers.



NAILED TO THE MAST
Our colic proclaim the fact that we acknowledge no superior. We handle the wheels. Even the most captious critic must admire their build and strength and, after numerous tests, their satisfactory action under all conditions. New riders will have no reason to swear at our wheels—old riders swear by them.
See the Vesper at \$33.00.
ALEX RISTON.

THE PLUM CURCULIO.

Habits of the Little Beetle and How to Destroy It.

Following is the latest bulletin issued by H. J. Fernald, Economic Zoologist, Department of Agriculture of Pennsylvania, concerning the plum curculio:

THE PLUM CURCULIO.
This insect is a serious pest to persons raising plums, as it often destroys half the crop. It must be treated in a different way from the Apple worm, as its habits are different. It is responsible for the loss of many thousands of dollars each year to the fruit growers of the State.

LIFE HISTORY.
The Curculio is a little beetle, less than half an inch long. It passes the winter in any protected place it can find and comes out in the spring about the time the leaves first appear. At this time it is a little beetle rather less than a quarter of an inch long, and with a snout on its head. It feeds on the leaves of the plum and also on the apple, pear, peach and cherry. When the plums are set, the insect cuts a little curved slit in the plum, and close to it, in a little hole, lays an egg. This egg soon hatches into a little grub, which eats in to, and around the stone. When the grub is full grown (after about three weeks) it leaves the plum, which has usually fallen off by this time, goes into the ground, where it remains quiet for a time, then comes out as the full grown insect again, to go into hiding until the following spring. Thus, there is only one brood a year.

WHAT TO DO FOR IT.
It is not possible to reach in and kill the grub, as it is inside the fruit, but, fortunately, there are other times in the life of the insect when it can be attacked with success. The first of these is before the eggs are laid, when the insect is eating the young leaves. Before the flower buds open, therefore, spray the trees with London Purple. To make this, mix a pound of the London Purple with a pound of fresh lime and add water at the rate of one pound of the Purple to 150 gallons of water. Add enough of this water first, to slake the lime, afterwards the rest. If peach trees are sprayed, 250 gallons of water should be used. Do not spray while the trees are in blossom, but when the blossoms have fallen spray again, choosing rather a cool day, if possible.

If any of the leaves turn brown and die after spraying it means that the spray was too strong. In such cases, add more water to the mixture next time.
A second way of treating this insect is by spreading a large white cloth on a light frame, under the tree at morning or evening and jarring the tree suddenly. The insects at these times do not fly readily, but drop onto the cloth and can be killed. This will dispose of many and it should be done about the same time in the spring as the spraying.
A third way to handle the Curculio is by picking up and burning the fallen plums every day, beginning about a week after spraying for the last time; this will catch the young grubs in the plums which the other methods missed, and will reduce the number of insects the following year.

These methods have all been tried and work well, the frequent result being that instead of saving one plum of every twenty-five that form, about twenty are saved.
THE SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUST.
One brood of this insect is due in Pennsylvania and should be found around Philadelphia and in Dauphin, Lancaster, Northampton and Westmoreland counties. Exact places in the State where it will appear are not known, and if any person who finds it will report the fact to the State Zoologist, Department of Agriculture, Harrisburg, Pa., it will greatly aid in getting at the distribution of this brood in the State.

Patriotic Juniors.
At a meeting of Mahoning Council No. 233, Jr. O. U. A. M., of Punxsutawney, held Thursday evening, May 12, it was decided that the lodge should pay the dues and keep in good standing any members who enlisted in the United States army in the war with Spain, during their service in such war. Two members of this lodge are already at the front, and this patriotic action of the lodge is highly commendable.—*Lindsay Press.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. Alex. Stoke.
Costiveness is the primary cause of much disease. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will permanently cure costiveness. Every bottle warranted. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A Few Complimentary Remarks from Some of the Brethren.

The Reynoldsville STAR is six years old and is one of our best exchanges. Editor C. A. Stephenson is a hard worker and deserves success.—*Ridgway Advocate.*

The Reynoldsville STAR rounds out its sixth year of life with this week's issue. It is a handsome paper and ably conducted.—*Kane Daily Republican.*

The Reynoldsville STAR is six years old. It is one of the neatest printed and cleanest edited papers that comes to this office. Long live the STAR.—*Punxsutawney News.*

The Reynoldsville STAR, which is one of the cleanest and newest country newspapers in the State, entered upon its seventh year last week. Editor Stephenson has abundantly demonstrated that he knows how to run a good, wholesome local paper, and has won the confidence and respect of a large constituency.—*Punxsutawney Spirit.*

Gladstone.
Toll, bells of England, toll! Your greatest lies low to-day, unnumbered of the tears which many, many millions weep for him. And art thou gone, thou mighty commoner? The majesty of death is on thy brow. That calm, great brow, which whose furrowed depths is writ the record of thy rugged thoughts. Hushed is the voice that oft in trumpet tones Aroused the nations with its high appeal To right oppression's wrongs, and to unloose The tyrant's bloody hand from human throats. Truth gave to him her might of eloquence, And wisdom lent his tongue the power to turn The hearts of men to loftiest purposes. Serene in hope and faith, and great of heart; Lover of virtue, and the poor man's friend. Great Englishman, thy thoughts were circumscribed Within no narrow limits, for we know That at the forge of thy exhaustless mind The plans of widening empire oft were shaped. Great Anglo-Saxon, on thy bier we lay A chaplet woven of the love and tears Of countless mourners far across the sea. Pittsburgh, May 20, 1893. —A. C. Lindsey.

Paradise.

Adam Norris smiles because it's a boy. Mrs. Martin Strouse visited her daughter, Mrs. Adam Norris, several days last week.
Mrs. Allen Cathers visited in Prescotville last Tuesday and Wednesday.
Mrs. Samuel Kamerer, of Youngwood, and Mrs. Dougherty and Miss Bird Ludwick, of Wilkensburg, are visiting relatives in Paradise.
Jim Sheesley rode the O. U. A. M. "goat" last Tuesday night.
The farmers of Paradise planted their corn last week.

Christine Strouse visited her sister, Mrs. J. J. Pifer, last Thursday and Friday.
Three more happy families in Paradise, those of Benjamin Boyer, Walter Sprague and Isaiah Fuller. All on account of the arrival of new boys.
Martin Strouse was at Big Run on last Saturday.
Frank Hillis and Guy Cornmesser were in Reynoldsville last Friday.
A. L. Sheesley visited relatives at Fockburg over Sunday.
Jim Cathers rides a new wheel.
Ed Hillis is working for Martin Syphrit.
Mrs. John Stittler, of Smicksburg, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Norris, last week.

Reading Sesqui-Centennial.
For the Reading, Pa., Sesqui-Centennial Jubilee, June 5 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from stations on its lines in the State of Pennsylvania to Reading and return at reduced rates. For specific rates and conditions apply to Ticket Agents.
This celebration promises to be one of the greatest events in the city's history. Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 6, 8 and 9, will be special days. The celebration will close with a grand masked carnival on Saturday night, June 12.

A Note From the Editor.
The editor of a leading state paper writes: "If you had seen my wife last June and were to see her to-day you would not believe she was the same woman. Then she was broken down by nervous debility and suffered terribly from constipation and sick headache. Bacon's Celery King for the nerves made her a well woman in one month." H. Alex. Stoke will give you a free sample package of this great herbal remedy. Large size 25c. and 50c.

Perpetual Motion.
The question of perpetual motion has been solved by a Populist genius: Rags make paper. Paper makes money. Money makes banks. Banks make loans. Loans make poverty. Poverty makes rags. Rags make—well, you stop here and commence over again, and keep on going until the cows come home.—*Kansas.*
In Henry & Johnson's Arnica & Oil Liniment is combined the curative properties of the different oils, with the healing qualities of Arnica. Good for man and animal. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale by H. A. Stoke.
"A stitch in time" often saves consumption. Down's Balm used in time saves life. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S BLUFF.

Halfbreed Stories of Accidents Which Failed to Awe One Passenger.

As we left Sandy Gulch for Rising Sun there were six male passengers to go by the stage, and the route was over the mountains and full of chances of disaster. The driver came out from breakfast as soon as the stage was ready, and looking about on the passengers he selected a small, pale faced man and invited him to climb up beside him. While the pale faced man was climbing the driver whispered to the rest of us: "I picked him out in order to scare him to death. You fellows will see a heap of fun before we've gone ten miles."

Two minutes west of the gulch the road made a sudden turn, with a sheer fall of 100 feet down to Wild Cat creek, and the driver put his horses at the gallop and said to the man: "We may get around all right, or we may fetch up down below. Hold your breath and say your prayers." The passenger made no move and did not change countenance, and after making the course all right the driver rather indignantly demanded: "Didn't you see that the off wheel ran within a foot of the edge of the precipice?"

"It ran within six inches, sir," was the reply.
Beyond the curve was a down grade of a mile, and with a yell and a flourish of his whip the driver urged his horses to a dead run. The five of us inside had to hang on for dear life, and every half minute the stage seemed bound to go over.
"Did you know that if we'd struck a rock we'd all been dead men in no time?"
"Of course."
"And you wasn't prayin'?"
"Not at all."

Three or four miles farther on the driver tried his man with another curve. In his determination to make a close call of it one wheel ran off the edge of the precipice, and only a sudden effort of the horses saved the coach. We were flung in a heap and frightened half to death, but the man beside the driver never lost a puff of his cigar. When things were safe, the driver turned on him with: "That surely was the brink of the grave."
"Guess it was," was the quiet reply.
"The closest shave you will ever lev till the last one comes."
"Yes."
"See here, now, but what sort of a critter are you?" was the query. "Don't you know 'nuff to git scared?"
"Nothing has happened yet to scare me."
"But maybe you want me to drive plumb over a precipice 1,000 feet high?"
"If you conveniently can. The fact is, I came off up here intending to commit suicide, and if you can dump the whole of us over some cliff you'll oblige me."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Stopped the Fight.
"Well," said Bliggs while sitting up in bed talking with the family lawyer, "I'll tell you all about it, but not a word to any one else, mind you. I'm a sight and scared up like the hero of a German university, but I suppose it's something to be alive."
"You know the governor has been urging me to strike out and see what I could do for myself. He'd advance the money, to be charged against my share of the estate of course. I kept my eye open and I saw a chance that was worth a fortune in one plunge. A couple of fellows in our set had a falling out, with which I think jealousy had something to do, and agreed to put on the gloves as a safe and honorable way of settling their differences. They had a private ball, and it didn't require two thoughts on my part to convince me that a reproduction of their mill would make a hit and fortune. To make sure I provided myself with both a vitascope and a veriscope. I had a big pile of films on hand for the occasion, and you know that these films are of celluloid. The janitor was my fellow conspirator."
"About the third round, and while we were getting along swimmingly, there was an explosion like the blowing up of a dynamite factory, the select audience stampeded, the principals hustled down the back stairs and the police found me unconscious under a wreck. Something had set that celluloid off, and I'll never know what did it. No one else has a theory. Just tell the governor that I made a bad investment."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mixed.
A Mississippi girl described her first visit to a city in the following rhapsody: "Oh, I had such a perfectly beautiful time! Everything was so converted, you know. We stopped to a house where we rode to our rooms in a refrigerator, and our rooms were illustrated with election lights. There was no stove in the room, but one of those legislators in the floor, and the heat poured right up through. I did not have any appetite and could not get a thing I could realize. Honestly, when I got home I was almost an individual."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Diagnosis.
Cholly Addegate—Av, doctah, I have recently been afflicted with fearful headaches.
Doctah—I see. Some of those aching volds we read about.—*Chicago News.*

OLD SMOKESTACKS.

An Article For Which There Is Always a Demand.

Among the very great variety of things that may be bought at second-hand are smokestacks of iron or of steel. It may be that an establishment puts in a bigger boiler and wants a bigger stack. If it is using a steel or an iron stack, the old one is taken down carefully and a new one set up. The old stack may be sold to a dealer in second-hand boilers and machinery, or the owner may keep it and sell it himself to somebody that wants a second-hand smokestack. If it is sold to a dealer, he may remove it to his own yard, or it may be that the original owner keeps it on his premises until the dealer has sold it. A manufacturer may move from one place to another and sell the old plant, or parts of it. Here would be a second-hand smokestack. Second-hand stacks are bought by various users. It may be that the smokestack of an establishment is worn out and that the boiler is not and that a second-hand stack would last out the life of the boiler. In such a case the user would get a second-hand stack if he could find one suitable. Second-hand stacks may be used with various temporary plants set up by contractors and others. A smokestack may be blown down in a windstorm and the user supply the place of it with one bought second-hand.

A steel or iron stack costs about half as much as a brick stack. A second-hand iron stack costs about half as much as a new one. Stacks of metal are made now usually of steel. The steel used costs now less than wrought iron. There is an increasing use of steel instead of brick stacks. Steel stacks up to 6 and 7 feet in diameter would be classed as portable stacks; larger stacks would be of more or less permanent character. Steel smokestacks are now made up to 18 feet in diameter. Very large smokestacks may be lined with brick. Second-hand smokestacks up to 2 feet in diameter are likely to be found in stock in the yard of the dealer in second-hand boilers and machinery, and he is likely to have stacks of larger sizes elsewhere. There is always a demand for second-hand smokestacks.—*New York Sun.*

AVOIDING "A TOUCH."

One Woman's Cheerful Method of Denying a Polite Request.

Men have something to learn from women in the art of warding off "touches" for coin. Women respond to such requests about once in every thousand times, but they are scientific in their refusals. A Washington woman with a reputation as a borrower turned up at the home of one of her friends the other morning with a much done over story about a persistent and threatening dressmaker and the usual request for the loan—"pay it back tomorrow, certain"—of \$5.
"Why, my dear, certainly," was the pleasant response to her carefully rehearsed little yarn. "You poor thing, you! Just wait till I run up stairs and get my purse."
She ran up stairs. The male head of the house happened to be in the room where she kept her purse. He saw her dig the purse out of a chiffonier drawer and deliberately remove a wad of bills from it, leaving about 37 cents in silver and copper in the change receptacle. The man was mean enough to lean over the stair railing when his wife went down stairs to the parlor with her flattened pocketbook in her hand.
"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mrs. X," he heard her say, "but I really thought I had the money. I find, though, that John, as usual, has been at my purse—I heard him say something about settling a plumber's bill last night when I was half asleep—and the mean thing has only left me enough for car fare. Too bad! Of course, you know, if I had it," etc.—*Washington Post.*

M. D. F. R. S.
An eminent physician and Fellow of the Royal Society, seeing over the door of a paltry abode, the Crown and Thistle, by Malcolm MacTavish, M. D., F. R. S., walked in and severely rebuked the landlord for this presumptuous insult to science. Boniface, with proper respect, but with a firmness that showed he had been a soldier, assured the doctor that he meant no insult to science. "What right, then," asked he, "have you to put up those letters after your name?"
"I have," answered the landlord, "as good a right to these as your honor, as drum major of the Royal Scots fusiliers."—*Sanitarium.*

The Modern Drama.
"Have you copyrighted your play?" asked the theatrical manager.
"No," replied the dramatist, lowering his voice, "but I copied it right."—*Chicago Tribune.*

When a man loses an ear, by paying from \$100 to \$125 he can procure another made of specially prepared rubber that can be crumpled without injury and is carefully painted to resemble the natural organ.

The jubilee visit of the colonial promoters led to the discovery that the Prince of Wales pronounces premier as in French, premi-ay.

Fruit cannot stand freezing, because it ruptures the cells of the fruit, and decay takes place.